

Night Moves by frankiethebard

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Summary:

Mike has a very vivid dream of El. Or is it?

Smut. Read at your own risk!

1. Chapter 1

This is a nice dream, Mike thinks, enjoying the sensation of soft lips moving against his own. Eleven smells like syrup and smoke, a strange combination that makes his head swirl with lust. She's soft under his hands, skin smooth and unblemished and pale. He loves to touch her, anywhere, but in this dream he lets himself be more daring. Hands stroke up her narrow rib cage, feeling the bones beneath and breathing hard when the soft underside of her breasts collide with his fingers.

She gasps and pulls back, and their dark eyes meet in the blackness of his bedroom. Eleven is so pretty, Mike thinks, and her teeth worry her full bottom lip as his hands creep higher, until they're cupping the full, perky mounds. Her nipples are already hard points against his palms and he squeezes lightly to gauge her response.

Mike isn't disappointed. From her position, perched on top of him with a leg on either side of his waist, Eleven shivers and her eyelids fall shut. Another squeeze and her mouth falls open, too. A smile tugs his mouth as Mike continues to lazily explore, taking his time. It's a dream - he has all the time in the world. He rucks her sleep shirt up and props himself on an elbow, chuckling as El whimpers at the loss of contact.

"Hold on," he says, smiling at her. Before she can respond his lips attach to one of those hard peaks, kissing first and swiping his tongue brazenly over the tight bundle of nerves. El gasps, and he can't see her face as he begins to suckle, but she shifts her hips a little and he knows it's affecting her just as much as it is him.

How long has he wondered what this would be like? To have this beautiful, powerful, magical girl in his bed and at his mercy? It wasn't like Michael Wheeler, the frog-faced dungeon master, science geek and Star Wars nerd, had a ton of experience. But El had even less and it makes Mike surge with some new emotion to know that he's the one guiding her into unknown territory. Leading the way, even though he stumbles a bit.

"Mike," El hisses as he switches breasts and lathes attention on the

aching pink peak. He could suffocate in the soft mounds, gladly, intoxicated by her scent and surrounded by all of that soft, soft skin. "Please, Mike."

"Please what?" he asks, pulling back. Her nipples are shining with saliva and he admires his handiwork until El quietly moans and brings his attention back to her.

"It's hot," she says, haltingly. Mike frowns, confused, until her hands run down her body and cup her most private place. "It feels.. different."

For a moment, Mike can barely breathe, let alone think. Then he's flipping them, so that he hovers over her and Eleven writhes beneath him, hips searching for purchase against him. He's hard as a hell, erection aching for attention, but he's dreaming and this is El and even in his unconscious he does everything for her.

With more confidence than he's ever had, Mike tugs her panties down her thighs and over his shoulder. He gently presses her thighs apart, wishing there was more light in his dark bedroom. Then again, seeing her spread on his Star Wars sheets might make it impossible to hold back. Instead, he leans forward and presses a sweet, light kiss to her forehead, then her nose, then her lips - but Eleven has other ideas and she grabs him by the hair and turns the kiss deeper, tongue sliding into his mouth. He groans; she's sweet and the scent of her sex is driving him crazy.

One hand finds her, the soft velveteen folds of her womanhood drenched and slippery. Mike has to pull away from the kids, breathing hard as he traces a finger over her.

"Please, please," El whimpers, voice tight and eyebrows scrunched together. Mike is glad this is a dream; he has no idea what he's doing, and would be mortified if she was truly whining and wiggling beneath him. Like you would do anything differently, he thinks as he uses his thumb to rub that little nub at the top of her pussy, which makes a little moan escape her throat and her body to shudder and twitch. It's so fucking hot, Mike can barely see straight, but he continues to rub her and brings his other hand to find her small opening.

Heat and wet and soft are the words that come to mind as Mike pushes one finger into her channel, and she pushes against both hands as he manipulates her. Eleven is breathing hard and muttering words he can't make out and her hips work frantically. She has no more idea about this stuff than him, but it has to feel good as her hips chase his fingers and rock against him and that thought nearly sends him over the edge. All he wants is to make her happy, to make her feel good. Mike notices a slight fluttery, twitchy sensation around the finger that pumps into her, and he can hear her breath coming even faster.

"Mike," she whispers. "Something - is happening." Her voice is a mixture of pleasure and fear and he realizes she's about to climax. Reverently he strokes her quicker, adds another finger, is rewarded by a deep moan and her back arching up off the bed. Then it's as she snaps, and she keens into her hands which cover her face as her body trembles and quakes. Her muscles clamp and clench around his fingers, trying to draw him in further, and Mike smirks at the gush of juices that flood his hand. As Eleven catches her breath, Mike crawls up her body to shower kisses over every inch of her that he can find.

"What was that?" Eleven asks, and he can feel the heat of her skin under his lips. She's sweaty lightly, too.

"That was an orgasm," Mike explains quietly.

"It was -" Words fail her and instead she kisses him, hard and passionate. Mike understands perfectly. "Can you feel like that, too? I want to make you feel good."

Mike smiles and nods against her cheek, and then he lies down beside her on the narrow twin bed. They don't fit as easily as they once did, and Mike finds it peculiar that his dream is so realistic.

He takes El's hand and guides it down his flat stomach, flinching slightly as her nails graze him. He's ticklish and she giggles until he moves their hands beneath his sweat pants, to his own throbbing need. El's eyes are comically large, wide brown saucers as she grasps him. Mike grunts involuntarily as his hips jerk in surprise. Her small hand feels right, so right, wrapped around him.

It's Mike's turn to pant as he shows her what to do, how to grip him and how to move her hand, up and down, until he reaches for the lotion he has stashed under his bed for purposes such as this. With the lubricant her hand glides easier, and El watched with endless fascination as his stomach clenches and he fists the sheets. There's a soft fire in his pelvis, pooling low and burning hot and he curls his toes as he feels her bring him closer and closer. It's never felt this good - he could never bring himself to the edge this intensely before. When she leans her forehead against his neck, her hand a blur over his pulsing cock, and then her lips are on his throat Mike gives in. Hips arch up as he explodes, a rush of breath and a long, low moan chokes out of him and he comes all over her hand and his stomach. Tingles shoot all over and he presses soft, tender kisses to Eleven's face.

"Different than me," she says, as he cleans them both up. "Good. I like it."

"Me too," Mike says, feeling a smug smile tug his lips.

"Let's do it again," Eleven says, and there's only longing and excitement in her tone and he can't help but squeeze her into a tight embrace. He loves this girl. Forever.

"Michael," his mother's voice calls through the bedroom door. He groans, realizing the steady beat in his head is the alarm clock. Rolling onto his back, he's met with soft, firm resistance and he nearly jumps out of the bed in an effort to get away.

But it's only El. He sighs with relief then realizes Eleven is in his bed and she's naked.

"Michael!" The doorknob rattles but he locked it last night. "You're going to be late for school!"

El yawns and stretches and Mike clamps a hand over her mouth before she can make a sound. She seems to quickly realize that she's with him and naked and his mother is only one thin bedroom door away from discovering them.

"I-I'll be right down!" Mike screams and he can hear his mother huff, slighted, then head down the hallway.

"What are you doing here?" Mike asks, frantic as he pulls on clothes. "If Mom or Hopper catches us--"

"Worth it," El shrugs. She kneels on the bed and pulls Mike to her by the fabric of his striped polo and smiles, and it's beautiful and naughty but he's having a panic attack as it is. "Let's do it again."

"What?" He freezes, one leg in his brown corduroy pants.

"Last night... when we," El says slyly, cocking her head to the side and making her chocolate curls fall over her shoulders. She's naked. Mike slowly lets his eyes wander down her body, taking in her breasts and her smooth tummy and lower, the dark curls obscuring her womanhood.

It wasn't a dream. He really did all of that with her - remembering the sensation of her orgasm around his fingers makes his heartbeat stutter and his eyes flutter shut as a pang of lust shoots through him, straight to his dick, which seems to pulse and twitch with anticipation.

"I want more of that," Eleven says, and her hand brushes the front of his boxers and Mike practically yelps in surprise.

"School," he says, shaking his head. His black curls are wild today, and he can sense the tangled halo on top of his head. "Mom. Hopper. We can't --"

"You want to," Eleven says as her hand finds him again and Mike thinks his knees might buckle from her gentle touch.

"Very much," he agrees. "But we can't."

Eleven's pout is adorable and Mike almost considers... really, his control is admirable, having a gorgeous naked Eleven begging him for an orgasm, but he has to say no.

One of them has to be responsible, at least. Mike never thought it'd be him, though.

2. 2

Summary for the Chapter:

El overhears something in the girls locker room that she wants to try with Mike.

“You are such a skank, Jen!” The scandalized voice is followed by giggles. Max Mayfield rolls her sea-green eyes and El bites back a grin. Part of why the two get along so well is their blunt, no-nonsense attitudes, though they differ distinctly in how they express them. Max thinks all the girls, well all of their classmates, including the boys, are dull and boring. She has little patience for gossip, and often voices the notion loudly and carelessly.

They aren’t very popular, in part due to that particular habit. But neither of the girls care.

“What? Like you haven’t given Troy a blow job?” Jennifer Hayes is notorious for sleeping around, and El knows that she likes to brag about it to anyone that will listen. She doesn’t understand it - how could you do /that/ with just anyone? The idea of letting anyone but Mike touch her, kiss her, see her naked, makes her stomach turn distastefully.

But the term ‘blow job’ is new and she furrows her brow at Max who rolls her eyes.

“Well yeah, but he’s my boyfriend... you barely even know Billy!”

“Gag,” Max groans, slamming the metal locker door and stomping out of the locker room. Slowly, Eleven finishes pulling on her gym shorts and then ties her shoes, hopeful to catch more of the conversation.

It’s been a couple days since she snuck over to Mike’s, since the fervent make out session that lead to an orgasm for each of them. El blushes and tingles at the memory, still slightly shocked at everything had happened. Mike had been so warm, his skilled fingers knowing exactly where to touch and how to touch to illicit the best responses

from her. Eleven wanted to do it again; she wanted to do nothing else /but/ that, every minute of every day for the rest of their lives.

She hadn't known that she could feel that good. She hadn't known how good it would feel to bring Mike to orgasm as well. The feeling of his penis in her hand, hard and pulsing and the skin soft, velvety. The heavy weight of his member, the heat of his flesh. Eleven loved the thrill of it, of reducing him to a moaning, quivering mess with just the flick of her wrist. And then, when he finally reached his peak, the white sticky substance that shot out and covered them both... just remembering makes Eleven clench her thighs together.

It was amazing. It was nerve-wracking, but Mike's hands on her breasts had worked her past the point of return. Had turned her into a wet pool between her thighs and made thought impossible. She had been worried but thankful for the cover of night when he spread her legs open. It took every ounce of her to not reach between her legs to cover herself, but Eleven was more than glad that she didn't.

"I don't suck just anyone's dick," Jennifer says, dragging El from her heated thoughts and blushing instantly. She knows what dick means - another word for a guy's penis, but often used in reference to someone whose behavior is rude and annoying. El is certain that she means the former, and the idea makes her head spin.

People actually /did/ that? Her cheeks darken with embarrassment and she all but runs out of the locker room to Max, who is lazily dribbling a basketball in one corner.

"What's wrong with you?" Max asks, tucking a loose copper lock behind her ear. She rarely wears her hair up but it looks nice when she does.

"Max," El begins, taking a deep breath, "do girls really... put a boys' penis... in their /mouth/?"

Max is momentarily stunned and then cackles with laughter, throwing her head back. This does nothing to soothe El's nerves and she scowls at her only girlfriend, who had, years earlier, vowed to never tease or humiliate her for not knowing something. Some promise /that/ was.

“Sorry, you just caught me off guard,” Max explains, wiping a tear from her eye. The gymnasium echoes with the sounds of squeaking sneakers and shots, basketball and beaded jump ropes slapping the floor. “Yeah, that’s like... a thing. Couples do. You mean to tell me that you and Wheeler...?”

El’s eyes are wide and she quickly shakes her head, no. “Why would someone do that?” She scrunches her nose, somewhat repulsed.

“Well, it feels good,” Max explains. “Guys are kinda sex-obsessed, ya know? And having a girl - or guy - suck them off is like second only to actual sex.” She shrugs one shoulder. “Plus, having someone go down on you is...” she trails off and sighs blissfully. “Being eaten out is way better than sex.”

“You mean... he would put his mouth...?” Eleven is speechless. She has never considered any of this before but suddenly, the image of Mike’s freckled face between her thighs, kissing her /there/ flashes in her mind and she inhaled sharply as a thrill of heat shoots straight to her core.

“God, Wheeler really needs to get it together. You guys have been together forever.” Max nudges Eleven with her elbow playfully. “Maybe he needs some encouragement, Hopper.”

Eleven actually agrees.

—

After school that day, Eleven rides shot gun in Mike’s car. It belonged to his grandmother, then got passed down to Mike when her eyes started to go bad and she couldn’t be trusted to drive it any longer. They drop their friends off, one by one, until it’s just them. The cabin is no longer her and Hopper’s home, though they do use it in the summer quite often. Instead, they now live on the edge of town in an old farmhouse. It’s secluded, no neighbors for miles, and Eleven loves it.

She has her own bathroom now, too.

“Come inside?” She asks, and Mike smiles softly and nods, putting the

old Buick in park. They gather their backpacks and head in. Hopper won't be home for a few hours, and usually the pair would be studying and working on their schoolwork, but El has a different idea today.

Once they're inside her bedroom, she unceremoniously drops her bag on the floor and turns to him. "I want to suck your dick."

Mike's jaw nearly unhinges and his eyes bug out. "Wha -"

"And then I want you to lick me."

She starts to unbutton her close and Mike looks as though he's going to faint. He blinks a few times, and El wiggles out of her dark jeans until she's standing before him in just her bra and panties. She watches his gaze darken, the shocked look on his face quickly replaced with hunger, and shivers under his attention.

"El, I... where did you even hear that?"

"School. Come on." She reaches for his belt, fumbling for a moment, then manages to wrestle it open. The button and zipper on his corduroy pants are easier. She can feel his erection against the front of his slacks, and drops to her knees in front of him.

"Holy shit," Mike whispers as she strokes the front of him.

"I'm going to make you feel so good," El promises with a small smile. Her body is on fire, skin tingling, core clenching with need. She's been on edge all day, her thoughts never far from this. She's been obsessed, her panties damp and her nipples hard, aroused beyond belief as she struggled through her lessons.

She tugs on his pants and underwear until his cock springs free, bouncing slightly. Her small hand grips him, and Mike groans quietly as she pumps a couple times. His skin is so soft, yet rock hard under her fingers. A drop of liquid leaks from the slit at the end.

Eleven curiously runs his thumb over it, smearing it over his manhood.

"Y-you do t have to do this, Eleven," Mike says. She glances up at

him, surprised. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to," he adds.

"I want to."

Leaning forward, she experimentally swipes her tongue across the tip and Mike hisses out a breath. His hands come to tangle in her dark curls, and she closes her eyes at his gentle touch before wrapping her lips around him and tasting him properly.

"Oh my God," He grounds out through clenched teeth. Eleven tries to remember Max's instructions to suck and use her tongue and avoid her teeth. She bobs shallowly, focusing on his salty taste and how he seems to grow even harder between her lips. He shivers and his hips chase forward, forcing deeper into her mouth, and he stutters an apology as her eyes widen.

"This is amazing," Mike whispers. Eleven can hear love and lust and adoration in his tone and Huns happily around his dick as she continues to suck. Her tongue slides around the underside of his shaft, and she pulls back to lick all around the tip - a string of choice swear words leave Mike's mouth as he arches into her - and then she returns him to the wet heat of her mouth. Her jaw is beginning to ache and Mike suddenly warns her, "I'm going to come." Max didn't tell her what to do, but El isn't going to stop until Mike has an orgasm. She sucks harder, quickens her pace, and fights as his hands try to push her off.

She flicks her brown gaze to meet Mike's frowning with irritation, and suddenly his eyes roll back and he moans loudly. Then she tastes it, the sticky white liquid of his come, and Eleven doesn't stop or gag though the taste isn't particularly pleasant. But it's Mike, a part of him, and she swallows without hesitation.

When he can't take anymore, hips twitching away from her, Mike sinks to his knees on the soft carpet in front of her and kisses her hard. His tongue pushes between her lips and his hands rove over her nearly nude body, making her shiver and moan as well.

"That was fucking fantastic," Mike says breathlessly as he pulls back.

“Thank you.” She beams at him, proud of herself for making him feel so good.

Mike scoops her up and she giggles in surprise, which makes him grin as well. He tosses her on the twin bed, propping himself over her and smirking down at her mischievously. His lips tease her mouth again, slow and deliberate, and then he pulls back.

“Your turn, Eleven.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading! If there's anything you'd like to read, please leave a comment and I will try to make it happen! Please feel free to leave some feedback! Thanks for reading :)

3. 3

“Your turn, Eleven.”

Mike licks his lips nervously as he gazes down at her slender form. His mind races - he just got a blow job from his girlfriend, the love of his life, his soulmate. There aren't enough words to describe how he's feeling - elated, aroused, amazed, flabbergasted. Sure, he figured they would make out between Trig and Chemistry homework, but he / never/ expected to find her kneeling in front of him with his dick in her hot little mouth.

He leans forward and gently nips at the smooth column of her throat, before soothing it with his tongue. Eleven tastes good, her skin sweet and slightly salty, as he works his way down to her breasts. They aren't large, but they fit perfectly in his hands and the small, rose-tipped nipples are pretty mouthwatering. He slides the straps of her bra down, pulling the cups away, and is rewarded by a soft hum and the sight of her beautiful flushed chest.

Mike particularly enjoys the quick way she reacts to him. Before he can properly touch her, her nipples are hard and she shifts under him impatiently. He loves this the most - teasing her, making her squirm. Mike is the only person that can reduce her to a trembling mess of lust, the only person allowed to touch and taste and torment. Mike loves how much /she/ loves this, how badly she wants to be close to him like this. A surge of pride makes his heart clench - she had heard someone talking about blow jobs and immediately thought that she wanted to do that to /him/. What had he done to deserve her?

Hopper still has a while before he can clock out and Mike wants to use that time wisely.

His tongue circles El's nipple, listening to her sharp inhale. Her fingers wind into his mop of black curls, tugging and pushing her breast in his face. He doesn't want to let her control this, so Mike pulls away and chuckles at her whine of protest.

“Mike,” she whispers, pouting.

“Let me do it my way,” he says, and she ‘hmphs’ but lays back and drops her hands to her sides. “Trust me,” he says with a kiss to her adorably wrinkled nose, “it’s going to be worth it.”

Taking pity on her, Mike sucks one pink, pebbles nipple between his lips and is rewarded by her back arching and a low moan escaping her mouth. He is gentle, still teasing, but the sounds and reactions are overwhelming and he roughly squeezes her other breasts, before tugging on the nipple. Eleven gasps and arches more, hips wiggling and thighs squeezing together. Though they’ve only been intimate once, it’s seared into his memory and her obvious signs of arousal only serve to make him more aggressive.

He kisses a trail down her stomach, noticing how it twitches with anticipation and smiling into her silky flesh. Her pulls her panties down slowly and groans at the soaked fabric in his hand. She wants / him/ that badly? Will she ever cease to amaze him?

Eleven spreads her legs eagerly, and Mike’s breath catches in his throat. He hadn’t gotten to actually /see/ her last time, and his dick twitches to life as he gazes at the soft pink center of her. A thatch of dark curls, then wet, silky pink folds and her tiny opening. Before he realizes what he’s doing, Mike is on his stomach, half on the bed, pulling her legs over his shoulders and grabbing her round ass before burying his face in her heat.

A surprised cry is torn from Eleven at the first swipe of his tongue. Mike is running purely on instinct, remembering what made her shake before and combining it with an animalistic need to devour ever inch of her. She smells amazing, and her taste is intoxicating, and her skin is impossibly soft beneath his tongue. He finds her clit, lapping at the swollen bundle of nerves, which makes her moan out and grab his hair.

If there is a heaven, Mike Wheeler is certainly there now.

His tongue is everywhere, running over her folds, pressing into her right channel, returning to her clit. He is a man starved, a man aflame, and his cock is aching to thrust into her. But this isn’t about him, it’s about Eleven, spread open before him, shamelessly chanting his name and pushing her hips up into his mouth. He can feel her

juices all over his chin and cheeks and nose and relishes in the fact that he can do this to her. His telekinetic, world saving girlfriend, moaning and pleading for him to keep going. It's a powerful feeling and Mike releases one of her ass cheeks to push a finger inside of her.

"Mike, yes, please," Eleven whines. He glances up her body, the sight of her chest heaving and her face flushed a pretty pink, struggling to keep her eyes open. He adds another finger, grunting into her drenched folds at the way she clenches around his digits. It will feel so good, stretching her with his cock, when they finally have sex.

As he thrusts his fingers into her, Mike returns to her clit and sucks on it. Eleven is trembling, her thighs twitching and tightening around his head. When he gazes at her again, there are tears tracking down he cheeks and her mouth hangs open. It's so erotic, so overflowing with pleasure, that Mike groans and closes his eyes. He focuses on steadily pumping into her while wiggling his tongue against her clit. His jaw aches but he can't stop, not until -

"Mike!" She screams his name and her back arches hard, and then her muscles are clamping down on his fingers and trying to draw him deeper, head tossing back and forth, fists nearly tearing his hair out. He smiles against her pretty pussy, easing her through the waves of ecstasy that wash over her, until she is a boneless, panting mess.

"Mike," she says, tugging him up and clumsily finding his mouth with her own. Happily, Mike kisses her and wonders if she can taste herself in his tongue and lips.

"I told you it would be worth it," he chuckles, and El swats his arm, fighting a smile. He collapses beside her, both of them exhausted and satisfied.

"We should get dressed before Hopper gets home," El says after a while. She sits up and notices that he's hard still, or again. She raises her eyebrows, and Mike blushes.

"What? I liked it as much as you did," he says, and her eyes darken with hungry lust. She gazes at his coco, which only makes it harden further, and Mike absently reaches to stroke himself, fingers still damp from her pussy. Eleven's eyes go comically wide, and she pulls

herself up and eye level, watching with fascination as he jerks himself off in slow, lazy strokes.

“You um, really seem to like this stuff.” Mike’s heart pounds in his chest as she licks her lips, chocolate-brown eyes never leaving his member.

“I love it. I hate that we have to do anything else.” El means this, of course, as /friends don’t lie/ and Mike squeezes the tip hard at her honest words. “I wish we could do this all the time. All day.”

Mike’s answering groan is full of agreement. Her delicate - deceptively delicate - hand joins his and together they pump up and down. He’s blown away by how lucky he is, thankful for the crazy events that brought them together, grateful that he hasn’t fucked it all up. When she begins kissing around his hips, pushing his hand away to lick and suck him again, Mike doesn’t last long. He comes into her mouth again with a hoarse cry, and they barely have time to enjoy the after glow.

The sound of tires on the gravel drive alerts them to Hopper’s presence and they scramble to find their clothes.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, Christmas comes early for you horny weirdos! I hope you enjoy. As always, let me know if you have something you’d like to read. I’m cool with most kinks and am eager to please. Let me know what you think!

4. 4

Mike finds himself standing in what he can only describe as blackness. It's endless, empty, and his breathing echoes around him as he wildly swings his gaze around. He's wearing pajamas and his bare feet are partially submerged in water. He spins, looking up and down and squinting as his heart begins to thud quickly against his ribs; there is nothing there to frighten him, yet... something feels wrong. His palms are clammy and he's beginning to hyperventilate until he sees the tiniest pinprick of white in the distance.

His feet move towards it before his brain can catch up. Whether Mike is running headfirst into danger, it's better than standing lost and scared in the all consuming darkness.

His footsteps splash and echo until he reaches the bizarre scene before him. He stops in his tracks, breath catching in his throat. Eleven is laying in her twin bed, at her house. Soft pink quilt pulled up to her chin and her dark chocolate curls tangled on the cream pillowcase. Her eyes are squeezed tightly shut, cheeks flushed, and a look of determined focus has her eyebrows scrunched together, bottom lip tucked beneath her slightly crooked, white teeth.

Mike is frozen in confusion, until his dark gaze wanders down and he sees a fumbling movement under her blanket. The fear melts away into something warm and heavy in his pelvis, making his heart stutter and race for an entirely different reason.

/el is masturbating/ he thinks, feeling the blood in his body rush quickly south and his eyes to flutter lustily. Is this the Void? The empty place she goes to, when she visits her mother? Where she went to find Will so many years ago? And if it is, /how/ did Mike get there?

The sound of a quiet moan leaving her lips distracts Mike from his wondering and his eyes find her face again. Her eyelashes tremble against her cheeks and she starts to shift more in her bed. The blanket works it's way down a bit, until he can see the soft gray material of one of his old T-shirt's - she must have stolen it out of the box of donation clothes his mother stashed in the basement. Her

nipples poke at the material, the hardened peaks obviously aching for attention.

Then she wiggles and kicks the blankets off of her entirely, oblivious as it slides off her bed onto the floor. And Mike's jaw drops, awestruck. Between her lithe, toned legs, her core is covered by a thin piece of white cotton, and her knuckles shift the tight fabric. He can see where her wetness has left the panties almost see through. Mike gulps.

Eleven has always been strikingly beautiful - be it drenched and shivering, her buzzed hair and frightened eyes, or when he first saw her again after that long, sad, empty year with coal smudged around her eyes and her hair slicked back. As they've gotten older, she seemed to adopt a more girly look; skirts and soft sweaters and knee socks and letting her hair grow into loose, thick waves. But seeing her like this, completely oblivious to his voyeuristic gaze, the longing and need etched across her features so blatant it might as well have been broadcasted on a billboard... Mike thinks this is his favorite.

"Mike," she whimpers, and he flinched. Guilt clutches at his guts until he realizes he's not caught, but that his name slipped out because she's thinking of him. Thinking of him as her fingers work the soft, delicious flesh of her womanhood. She's thinking of him to get herself off. Mike's knees buckle into the water and he scrambles to the edge of her bed. He is barely breathing as he gets a better look.

"Mike." Its a plea, a prayer, and it tumbled from her pink tongue and chapped lips like manna. Mike fists his sweatpants, his cock rigid and throbbing against the material. Absently, he palms the hard member and watches as El whines in frustration.

Then she grasps her panties and tears them down her creamy thighs, baring the glistening, pink velvet folds beneath the damp, dark curls between and Mike begins to actively rub himself through his pants. His gaze is burning with intensity as he watches her dip one slight digit into her tight channel, spreading her arousal upwards to her clit in a sweeping, graceful motion. She rubs circles around the bundle of nerves, hips twitching. Mike feels blessed as his eyes flicker from her pussy to her face. El's tongue swipes over her full bottom lip and she keens, hips arching off the bed as her other hand joins the effort. Two

fingers push into the clenching heat, and Mike longs for those fingers to be any part of himself - fingers, tongue, dick...

“Mike Mike Mike-“ She chants his name like a sinner praying for redemption. A fine sheen of sweat catches the curls on her forehead and she tosses her head back as her pleasure climbs higher. Flush creeps over her chest and throat, she’s pink and lovely and Mike bites his cheek to hold in his groans. He’s never been so hard in his life.

Her fingers find a pleasing rhythm and El pants, he breasts heaving beneath his stolen shirt. In the soft glow of her nightlight, she looks like a fallen angel. Will it always be like this, Mike wonders, as he plunges his hand beneath the waistband of his sweats to fully stroke himself. Beads of needy arousal have dripped free, and Mike costs himself in the pre-cum as he thrusts into his fist. Will he always want her this bad? Is it possible to want her more?

Her breathing hitched and suddenly El is nearly sobbing, her face a wreck of pleasure and longing, and her thighs spread open further as she plunged her small fingers in and out, hypnotizing Mike into a hazy, mindless state. He wants her, he wants her so badly, but his inability to do anything but watch and pant is arousing him beyond reason. He squeezes himself tighter and curses quietly as her knees begin to shake and her toes curl.

“Mike please yes Mike -“ and the soft gasp before her body goes taut, breath catching for a few worrying seconds, and then she turns her face into the pillow to muffle her euphoria. Her hips buck into her fingers as she rides out her orgasm, and he can see her shiny juices glinting in the soft light. Her breathing is harsh as she falls back, limp and satisfied.

He was still horny, still wanting, but Mike slows his movements and watches as she bashfully giggled and covered her face. Then El rolls onto her stomach, smiling into her pillow, and revealing her shapely bottom. Mike loves all over her, but something about her ass makes him breathe quicker and remember that he’s still hard as a diamond in an ice storm. He fleeting feels an urge to sink his teeth into the round flesh.

He wishes he could reach out and touch her. He wants to get her that

excited again, to watch the emotions flicker over her beautiful face, to tweak her sensitive nipples and bury his face in her wet heat. Mike is powerless though, unsure of even how to get out of this nowhere place. He strokes himself absently until he feels a soft touch on his chin.

"Mike," she giggles. Eleven is staring at him, dark honey eyes peering into his own. "You don't have to sit on the floor. Come here."

She pats the bed beside her and Mike gapes at her, flabbergasted.

"How--"

"The void. I brought you here." She tugs his shirt and he stands on shaky legs before sitting heavily on the edge of her bed.

"Did you know I was here the whole time?" He asks, feeling sheepish, feeling busted.

"Yes. I thought you would help - didn't you hear me saying your name?" Eleven is teasing him and smiling, clearly amused, which has him sagging with relief and feeling better, less of a creep. Then a piece slides into place and manages to turn him on /more/.

"You knee I was watching and didn't stop?"

"You seemed to like it..." El blushes prettily.

"Hell yeah," Mike says with a furious nod. "My beautiful girlfriend moaning my name while touching herself? I couldn't help but touch /myself/ too." He reaches for her, one large hand delicately holding her cheek, and she nuzzles into his hand playfully. He has a million questions- how did she bring him here, was this real, or a dream? But she quickly scrambles into his lap, and her still-slick core is poised over his needy cock as she kisses him fiercely. Obviously, El is still in the mood.

"Touch me," she demands between hungry, messy kisses that serve only to get him hard again, and fast. Mike complies, sliding one hand into her hair to anchor her mouth to his - kissing Eleven is easily at the top of his list of favorite things in the world. She tastes like home and the sweet slide of her tongue against his, the teasing nips and

breathy sighs create a symphony of sensation that slides down his spine and stokes the fire in his loins. Everything she does makes Mike aroused, but the kissing is perhaps the fastest way to get him hard and ready.

Mike's other hand slides down her chest, grasping the full weight of her breast and thumbing her nipple. Eleven shivers and presses her weight down on him, which makes Mike's hips jump and push into her. The both moan at the delicious friction, but it's nowhere near enough, and Mike has been throbbing with want for so long now that it almost hurts. He needs relief, and fast.

"I liked it," El says as she pulls back, a mischievous smile tilting her lips and Mike blinks hazily. Her hips rock into him, slow and teasing, not enough.

"Liked what?"

She holds onto his neck with both hands and grinds down on him. Mike steadies her, cupping handfuls of that firm, round ass and squeezing while forcing her down, harder.

"You.. watching me. It made it..." El bites her lip as furrows her brow as he thrusts up against her. She's wet again, or still, or maybe both, and it's soaking through his pants and Mike groans low in his throat. "It made it better than when I'm alone."

"You do that a lot?" Mike murmurs. He kisses the pale column of her neck, gratified when she gasps. He attacks the shell of her ear, nipping the lobe, loving how her head rolls back in ecstasy.

"Every night," El whispers.

Mike is the luckiest guy he knows.

"Me too," he admits, then tugs her shirt up to capture a nipple in her mouth. He sucks hard, relishing in her surprised yelp. She arches back, pushing her chest into his face, and Mike inhales the heady scent of her - salty sweat, musky arousal, sweet sugary-soap. He switches to trace his tongue around her other areola, flicking it over her nipple, and she is really grinding onto him now. Mike's head is

spinning with how turned on he is, how much he needs her. He whines and shifts beneath her.

“I want to try something,” El says, and she pushes him back until he’s laying on her pillows, and she straddles his flat stomach. Eagerly, she pushes his sweats down and his erection springs free, bobbing against his stomach and weeping with pre-cum. For a moment, El licks her lips and stares at the appendage, waving Mike completely at her mercy. Instead of sucking it, though, she scoots back so that their most sensitive parts connect and the both moan.

The wet heat of her folds is heavenly and he can’t stop from moving his his. He wants nothing more than to slide inside of her, feel the moist velvet walls hugging his painfully hard cock. El tried to concentrate but it’s obvious that she’s just as effected by this new sensation as her hips awkwardly seek purchase against him. Mike squeezed her hips, throwing his head back as she almost rode him, both of them getting coated in her sticky-slick arousal. He can barely think, lost in the feel of the gorgeous woman he loves, feeling so much love and so much want that his chest aches. He grunts as her hand wraps around him, eyes falling shut of their own will, and then they slam open as the head of his painfully hard dick is enveloped in hot, wet, deliciously soft -

“El!” He squeaks in shock as she slowly - so slowly he can barely stand it - sinks into his throbbing member. Mike can’t focus, can’t decide where to look, eyes flicking from her face to where his cock is disappearing inside of her. It takes every ounce of willpower he has not to grasp her hips and slam into her. He wants to, every fiber of his being screaming for him to take her, mark her, make her his. It’s like some animalistic desire, something making him devolve into a caveman. But the feeling.. the tight, hot, wet friction lights him up like a Christmas tree. His toes curl and the soles of his feet feel hot even. It’s so much, so good. He swears every curse word he knows as she inches down his pulsing length.

Finally, what feels like years later, Eleven is seared astride his aching cock and her hands are flat on his chest. The look on her face is torn between euphoric and pained, and Mike hates how lost he became in her that he didn’t notice how it felt for her.

"El," he says, releasing her hip to cup her face. "Are you ok?"

"Yes," she nods quickly. "You're just a lot bigger than my fingers." His hips buck against his will and Mike's eyes roll at the surge of testosterone her words bring. God, what is wrong with him? He has no control. But El doesn't complain, instead letting herself a tiny bit, then dropping again.

"Oh Jesus," Mike grits out. He molars gnash together as he digs deep for some kind of steadiness. He hates that he might hurt her but it's like his body is reacting without his consent and it feels so /fucking/ good that he can't stop. "El you feel so good. I'm sorry, I'm sorry I can't -"

She raises a bit, and his hips chase her. He digs his fingers into her plump ass, knowing there will be bruises, and hold her still as he tries to thrust carefully into the blinding heat of her channel. She's so tight, walls hugging him so perfectly. It's like a custom made glove for his dick, and he knows without doubt that no one else would ever feel like this. No other girl could fit him so right.

It takes a few slow but deep thrusts and then El begins to react, begins to breathe harder and meet his thrusts. Her breasts bounce enticingly and Mike palms one, squeezing mindlessly as she moans.

"More," she whimpers. He can stand it no longer and rolls her onto her back. Hovering above her, Mike is struck again by her beauty, the way her teeth bite into her lip and the color on her cheeks. Each thrust of his hips has her breasts bouncing. She reaches between their bodies and begins to touch herself as she had earlier.

"Feel so good," Mike grunts as his hips start to slap against her. El wraps her legs around his waist, digging her heels into his back and spurring him on. He can feel her frantically rubbing and matches the rhythm without conscious thought. All he knows is that El feels like heaven, that this sensation is so much, almost too much, and he's nearing the edge of completion and he wants her there with him. "You're so tight, El. I'm not - not gonna last," he says.

Her free hand pushes the mop of midnight curls off his sweaty face, and their eyes meet. Her pupils are blown wide with desire, and she

arches, setting a different angle that has his eyes rolling back and a growl to purr from his chest. He feels her tighten further around him and nearly loses it then.

“You’re filling me up,” El pants as he moves within her, pace quickening and thrusts getting harder. He’s nearly pounding into her now, hard and fast and the sound of their bodies like music to his ears. “I never knew it would be like this -“ She stutters a sharp cry. “Right there!”

He does his best to continue just as he has, and then Mike catches the smile on her face - a strange but incredibly hot development- and her pussy clamps down on his dick and seems to pull him even deeper. It’s like she’s pulling his orgasm out of him, and then she’s crying out over and over, his name falling from her lips until she can’t speak and simply gasps and trembles beneath him.

Mike loses it. He slams into her once more, spilling his orgasm deep inside of her twitching channel. He sees white and stars and shouts out at the intensity of it, the pure euphoria of losing himself for the first time inside of her. He’s in awe, in shock, he never knew anything could feel so good and so right.

Collapsing into her arms, he whispers, “I love you so much, Eleven.”

Stroking her hair, she replies, “I know.” He smirks into her chest, reminded again that not only was he in love with the sexiest, most beautiful and caring woman in the world, but she was as Big a Star Wars junkie as he.

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Sorry to end it weirdly, but that’s all the time I had and I really wanted to update! Please let me know what you think! Happy holidays, too!!

5. 5

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry this is so short! I've been furiously working on Mixtape - please check it out, if you haven't yet! And I needed just a small break and to get the smut out. It's difficult /not/ to write sex scenes sometimes, but that's what this fic is for, right?

As usual, please leave me some love and find me on tumblr @ elevenseggoobsession and be my friend! Thanks for reading, yall!

They meet in the void nearly every night now. It's easier than finding a way to be together for real, and it's less risky when it comes to things like pregnancy. Mike isn't sure how it all works, but because it's definitely all in their heads - or El's head, he's still foggy on the specifics - they don't have to worry about condoms or being too loud. Anything is possible in the Void, and within weeks Mike finds that he can get there without El's help.

The first time he seeks her out, instead of the other way around, she's still in sleep, chest rising and falling slowly. He takes her in for a long moment, the slope of her barely freckled nose, the Cupid's bow of her top lip. The round cheeks that are rapidly slimming before his eyes. She's definitely growing healthier, gaining weight in the appropriate places, but slimming down in others. It seemed like as El grew into a beautiful woman, Mike just went up, up, up. He towers over everyone, reminding himself of Bambi on awkward legs. He's all angles and sharp elbows. His hair is another story.

El begins to stir and smoke smiles softly, leaning down to rain soft kisses all over her face until her hands cup his face and pull him down for a proper one. Instantly, he's on top of her, on top of her blankets, grinding his hips against where hers are under the heavy quilt. She mews into his mouth.

"Sorry," he says, feeling anything but as she blinks up at him. Her honey brown eyes are dilated, lust already taking over her, and Mike

feels a swell of power at being able to do this to her.

"It's ok," El hums, pulling him back down. Both in their pajamas in her bed. Nothing else, no backdrop of her bedroom, just them and the bed and the empty, infinite blackness of the Void.

"I've been dying for this all day," Mike admits as he pulls away. The blood coursing through his veins is hot, leaving his skin flushed as he tears his shirt over his head. Immediately, Eleven's small hands trace over his pecs, the freckles that dot his pale shoulders, his arms. It's soothing and simultaneously infuriating, as it's not nearly enough. Mike impatiently peels back her blankets to see her sleep attire.

She's wearing one of his shirts again. And that's it. His mouth goes dry at the sight of her lithe legs spread open, the thatch of curls that hide her soft pink sex. He gulps.

"Mike?" El asks, voice uncertain. Still, after all the love they've shared, she still gets anxious when he goes still and quiet.

"You're just - so fucking hot," Mike murmurs, sliding his big hands up the creamy insides of her thighs. He spreads her pussy open, licking his lips at her glistening flesh. A gasp tears from her mouth as he leans forward and swipes his tongue quickly over her engorged clit. She's already so ready for him - does she exist in the same state of constant, maddening arousal as he?

Without preamble, Mike shimmies onto his stomach and tosses one of her thighs over his shoulder. His tongue circles her clit, flicking occasionally, and he slips one long finger into her greedy channel. Eleven moans low in her throat, hands coming to fist his dark locks and her hips shift under him. He's always been a quick learner, especially when properly motivated, and it doesn't take long to coax the orgasm out of his girl. Too soon, she's quaking and clamping down on his finger, head thrown back as she rides out each wave of pleasure that washes over her body.

She is panting when he crawls up her slender body, and El meets him halfway for a wet, messy kiss that makes him smile. Mike suspects she greatly enjoys the taste of herself on his lips and tongue - she's definitely not shy as she selves into his mouth, tongue tracing his

own aggressively.

“Can I?” She snakes her hand between their bodies, grasping him firmly and pumping.

Mike groans. “No, El - I need you.” He does - he can feel it in his stomach, his groin, his heart. It’s an addiction, this privacy and intimacy. He lays her back, gentle as can be, and hitched her leg around his waist. El’s amber eyes are watching, curious, never leaving his face as he looms over her.

He’s rock hard, throbbing, as he slides his dick between her soaked lips. She arches prettily as he slides over her clit, coating himself in her sweet arousal, before lining himself up with her channel and nudging in.

Those first few inches are heaven, and Mike has to pause and breathe hard as she envelops him. The fit is so tight, custom made for him, and her nails scrabble over his arms as she urges him further.

“Oh god,” he grunts as her muscles already start to clamp around him. Quickly, he bucks all the way in so that their hips are joined, and he is overwhelmed by the blinding heat of her. His eyes roll, struggle to stay open, and his jaw is slack.

“Mike,” El whimpers breathlessly. She grinds against him, seeking purchase, and he begins to move. For some reason, Mike is clinging to the edge already tonight. It’s unpredictable; sometimes it feels as though he could last for days, but tonight - something about tonight leaves him feeling raw and needy and like he could explode at any moment.

“I love you El,” he says as he thrusts into her, over and over. She echoes him, one hand on his bicep, nails biting half moons into his flesh, the other rucking her shirt up. Mike is mesmerized by her breasts as they bounce, and she tweaks one hardened nipple with a gasp. Her eyes scrunch shut at the sensation overtakes her.

Mike pulls out, making her whine in protest, and he smirks as her nudges her to roll onto her stomach. His big hands find the crease of where her thighs join her pelvis, and he pulls her into her knees.

Eleven casts him a wary look over her shoulder, unsure but allowing it. Mike sits back on his haunches and stares at the delicious picture in front of him. He's wanted to try this since they began, but it somehow felt disrespectful - plus, seeing her face awash with ecstasy is his favorite part. But the round curves of her ass, bent over and spread in front of him... quickly, Mike plunges into her again.

They both cry out at this new, unknown pleasure. Mike pulls out so barely the tip is inside of her, then thrusts roughly back in. El jolts, arms giving out so her face is in the pillow and her sharply behind in the air. Mike doesn't know what comes over him, but he begins to pound into her needy channel, lost in how amazing it feels and the satisfying slap of skin on skin. He knows he won't leave bruises and his fingers tighten in her soft, pale flesh, pulling her back as he pounds into her over and over.

"Mike, Mike," Eleven is moaning out, arching her back as her thighs begin to shake. He feels the inevitable closing in - her inner muscles clamp and flutter around him as he grows somehow harder, balls drawing up -

And then they simultaneously explode, in a chorus of shouts and cries. He sees white and stars as he jerks deep within her, her walls milking the orgasm out of his cock like nothing else. El is shivering as she comes down, eyes clenched shut and her teeth biting her lips worryingly. The intensity and passion they create together - it's like nothing else and maybe that's what he was seeking tonight when he came to her.

Slowly, he pulls his softening cock from her, not missing how Eleven clenches her thighs together and whines at his absence. He kisses her hip, collapses beside her, sweaty and exhausted and sated.

"That was nice," El says softly, rolling so that she can tangle a leg between his and tuck her head under his chin. Mike smooths her hair down out of his face and cuddles against her. If only they could stay like this, naked, sweat-slick, bathed in the after glow of their shared climax, forever.